

On the 14th instant, **MARRION H. BROWN**, aged 20
y.
On the 15th instant, **HENRY I. PRINCE**, in his 63d
y.
On the 15th instant, **WILLIAM H. KISTERBOCK**, aged
68y.

BY THE PEACH-TREE WALL.

Where the manor house garden is tangled
The most,
By the door in the peach tree wall,
You find me far away for an hour, as you
thought.
But we parted for once and for all.

Through the long white glare, how the peo-
ples flamed.
In the noon of the July day,
As you crossed the grass with the gold on
your hair,
And the crickets leaped up where they
lay.

The sun flowers swiveling, looked straight
at the south,
And the hollyhocks stood tall;
And the buttercups waved brown, azure,
and red,
In the hush by the peach tree wall.

After midsummer days with never a night,
Came the winter, the chill, and the rain,
When the hollyhocks' life was asleep in the
ground,
Till the peach blossoms flowered again.

And the weary months of waiting in
vain,
Ever stealing my youth from me,
Ever straining my eyes through the dark-
ness,
Ever stretching my arms o'er the sea.

For the fire of that sultry summer sun
Has burned down so deep in my heart,
Through years and the autumn bring calm-
ness, my dear,
I am scarce now content to part.

For still when the July noons are come,
And the hollyhocks grow tall,
I walk and dream dreams as we dreamed,
my dear,
Under the peach tree wall.

When the passionate life strife is over,
The folly, the chill, and the pain,
A shadow, in shadowless moonlight,
Perhaps I may walk here again.

THE WHITE GIRL OF THE RIDGE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
BY MISS MARGARET HOSMER.

CHAPTER VII.

JOHN BEGINS LIFE AS A GENTLEMAN.

Up and at work bright and early, Rosie managed to get through her tasks in good time to set off with John for town with a prospect of being back again before dark. John took notes before they started, of the care and attention she bestowed on the child-dress plays, that they might keep them within doors during her absence, and to Mary Ann she gave strict charge concerning their welfare.

"You'll mind that Peter stays out of the draught, and keep Kitty and Tim in with him, he has a cold, and would have his death if he ran out in the sharp air."

This was an unusual precaution, as her son knew, for little Peter's cold was so slight as to be scarcely noticeable, and he felt convinced that without alarming the children, she was determined to keep them in doors, and out of the way of the "white girl" or Jane Burtis.

When they reached the McEwing Mansion, John could not choose but observe some sudden trepidation on the part of his mother, who begged him to pause a moment with his hand on the bell pull.

"For I want to take breath after the long walk you see," she said.

"Seeing that it was more embarrassing than weariness, John smilingly rallied her on her timidity and discomfitedness.

"I must laugh at you now, mother," he said, "for you always seem so much at ease that a little flurry in you is funny—and you look so well, too," he added, admiringly.

Miss Sarah was at home, as she had promised, and kind and cheerful as she always was. She made them welcome as few could do so well, and gave them a sense of ease that was a reflection of her own bright warmth of manner.

"And now, as you know, I didn't send for you just to look at you, and say how do you do," she went on, "I'll relieve your mind, I see you're both puzzled to think what I'm going to say. By talking at once, Rosie, you know I like you and yours, and mean always to be a sincere friend to you, and you, John, know I've tried to help you a little and make you help yourself a great deal towards the education of a gentleman. I believe in being well born, and don't mind acknowledging to you that my reliance in your good blood helped to give me an interest in you. I know part of your story, the rest will tell itself one day, and now I am going to tell you the chance of becoming what you were born to be and will necessarily be some day a gentleman."

John's brow flushed crimson, but he bit his lip nervously and glanced towards his mother.

She looked calmly and meekly on the ground, only her face was very white, and she changed her position a little restlessly as his glance.

"You must speak yourself," cried Miss Sarah, decidedly, "I don't want Rosie to say one word now."

"Why then," said John, bursting forth with vehemence, "if you'll excuse me, Miss McEwing, I don't care to be rated back any farther than my mother's knowledge of me. And I hope and trust in God I shall always be a gentleman."

"You're a hasty one too," said the lady, "stop awhile and think before you speak. I take it for granted that you know Rosie here clearly, and that you have even reason to do so. I only want you to listen to what I propose, which is a plan for the comfort and ultimate happiness of both."

Rosie raised her eyes to the speaker's face and regarded her with deep attention. John bowed apologetically and disengaged himself to listen quietly. Miss McEwing went on.

"I said, I believed in the superiority of well-born people; but I did not say that I had no interest in humble life. I will make you a scholar and a gentleman; but I never meant to neglect my good friend here and her little family. This is what I will do. I mean to be methodical and save time and bother. I will place you, John, at college, then send you abroad, and then you return you shall choose your own path, and I will make it a bright one. I will give you my name until you can claim your own, and you will look on me in any light you please."

I shall always be your firm, true friend. Rosie and her children shall live where they will, it is better that they should be where I can see them once in a while, they shall be cared for in their different needs, and when the boys are old enough they shall be taught such trades as their mother's wisdom shall decide on as best. This you must understand—your path lies another way."

"Then I will never walk in it," said John, quietly, but with a determination that no amount of sound could increase. "Such gentle birth as you are pleased to say I can claim, I totally and entirely resign; if I had parents, they forsake me; if I belonged to people of quality, they were base enough to do me wrong. Whoever I was born to, since the woman is my mother, doubly so, since she was not bound by Heaven to love and cherish me. Every hair of her head is sacred in my eyes, if I had twenty lives and gratitude, I'd give them all to her. And for her and hers, I'd labor and strive to gain any end, that without her smile could have no triumph to me when attained. I'm a bold boy and an ungrateful, to speak so, you think. Forgive me, and remember what I owe this mother of mine, that God only knows how dearly I love. If to be a gentleman I must turn my back on her, I'll go down to my grave a clown; but I don't think it is, Miss McEwing, and for this once I must insist, we are going to climb up together, my mother and I, and nothing shall keep us back. Next to my love and gratitude to her, my respect and gratitude to you inspire me; you have done so much for me, that I am in duty bound to do the rest, and begging your pardon very humbly for my rough way of meeting your large generosity, my mother and I will say God bless you for all the kind things you've done for us, and go."

Rosie raised her eyes, they were streaming with tears, and her whole frame quivered from the suppression of her feelings.

"Oh, miss," she cried, "don't call me selfish or say I swayed him. I never spoke a word, and it all came from his own heart where the feeling is. I've heard and read of him that could freely give up all, and make every sacrifice to advance them they loved; it's beautiful, but my heart is too strong or too weak for it, I don't know which—and I want to keep my boy. God be praised he wants to stay, but I'll not keep him back; sure I'd give my very life to help him up, though I couldn't lose it in parting with him; and if you think we're poor and mean, and that our coarse, common ways will be drags to prevent his being a splendid gentleman, sure we'll polish ourselves and keep pace with him; it will make the journey a bit longer, and the race a bit harder, but with the wings of love, and the light of constancy to guide us, we'll all win yet."

"Hush, Rosie, woman, why do you talk so wildly, sit down, and listen to reason. I believe in nothing that is untrue. Now I understand you both."

Miss McEwing said this so easily, and folded up her remarks by blowing her nose and wiping her eyes in such a matter of fact way, that her excited visitors were fain to pause astonished. Presently she proceeded, with no change of countenance, but an added brightness in her eyes.

"Yes, of course I was trying you; it's a troublesome business this dealing with people you don't understand, like starting out on a journey without directions, it's not only the bother of coming back again disappointed, to ask what you should have known before you started, but it loses time, and destroys the rest of the object. I feel you both have the sort of blood I believe in, not so reliable, a shade less of determination and pride, and I should even question you, John, as to it, I accept your decision as the truth of your inmost soul. Now, where shall we begin?"

The young man, with a bewildered sense of scarcely hearing right, but yet with a glow of pleasure in the tone that bespoke no regret at his blindness, cried out tremulously.

"My dear, dear lady, I am more happy than I can tell you that you are still our friend. It seemed terrible to me that in being true to my mother, I must appear ungrateful to you. Thank you a thousand times for understanding me, only remember I should have said the same, if you had not."

"That is what I think, or I shouldn't believe in you at all," replied the lady, "but I asked you, where shall we begin?"

The question was so new in its present form, implying the interest of a powerful friend in the process, that John glanced at his mother, quite incapable of giving a ready answer. Rosie hesitated a moment, and Miss McEwing laughed.

"Now, Rosie O'Connell," she cried, "you know in your heart you have a plan for the future; you never were without one in your life, so pray let us hear it, and decide on its feasibility."

Rosie flushed a little, and began.

"Indeed, Miss, it may be but a foolish thought, but as you say, I do be busy at times thinking what I will be best to do next, and this came by chance as a body may see; at least I looked into the papers like to see if anything was likely to turn up, and I wish I knew of a lady and servant who were country ladies in a decent, quiet family, with the privilege of being at home as to little things. It wasn't just that way, but I took the morning, and went into the hotel where the direction was, and there I found a sweet and gentle woman, up in years, and very wisely in health, that had troubles of her own, you could see by her face, but with the manners of an angel of patience and goodness. She had a lively rattling kind of maid, that was none too young either, and they had travelled together, and wandered about in search of strength for the lady this many a year, but all in vain. I told her, Miss, what a plain place we had, but that I could spare her two good rooms, and give her waiting and attendance too. She took to my offer when I thought she would want more, and had just given up the idea of waiting her, and says she, I have furniture and things of my own, all I want is a quiet, cheerful place, with pleasant genial people near me, and I'll come and see you to-morrow. Well, Miss, she came out about an hour before John came home yesterday, and was delighted with everything. I told her I had a kind friend that took an interest in me and mine, and after speaking with her, I'd give her an answer. I'm telling you now, Miss, and the price she offers is three times the worth of the work, and her manners and breeding will be the making of the child, and do me no harm; that was what I had in my mind, you see."

Saying this, Rosie laid a little card before Miss McEwing. It held the lady's name,

Mrs. Warren, and a reference to a clergyman whom she knew.

"That's very satisfactory, Rosie," said the lady after a little pause, "but I had thought you would leave the Ridge, it's but a lonely place, and far away, too."

Rosie showed slight signs of confusion as she answered—

"Yes, Miss, I know, but you see we will be the better of a little chance to learn something, and to think that had no early opportunity, it's a good thing to be near that's better informed, and I have a reason of my own for staying, if you please, Miss."

"And John," hinted Miss McEwing.

"Ah, John will be able to begin with the advance money," she answered. "Didn't I tell you that, Miss. Well, the lady is to give me three months pay to start with, and that's the part of it I like best, for with what I have put by me, and that together, John can go to college, and the writing he's found for himself, will keep him going a while."

"And the house and family will be kept on nothing meantime," suggested Miss McEwing.

Rosie laughed and blushed.

"Well, Miss," she confessed, "you bring me all out it seems, and I must just tell you I can get plenty for that from the mending and bleaching of lace work from a store where I saw such things made once, and made a bargain to do it. Its just play to me, and keeps me from thinking over my sorrow. An aunt of mine, that was educated at the Moravians, taught me the stitch long ago, and I never minded about it till I was looking for something to fill my time one day, and the sight of the old lace brought it back to me."

"Well, John, this mother of yours needs no aid but her own busy head and hands, it seems, so we'll let her take her own way, and go on. This which I am going to say, is a strict matter of business. I know of a certain amount of property which will come to you by right in a few years—it is not very large, but quite sufficient to afford you an income something beyond your mother's hard wrought for gold."

"Which, I beg you to believe, I never could have taken to be at ease on, while she was striving so," interrupted John.

"This money is not directly available, and so I will advance it, to be repaid faithfully, you understand, when it is."

"I do not understand its existence," said John, earnestly. "God knows how thankful I would catch at anything rightfully mine, for all our sakes; but, dear Miss McEwing, how can this be?"

Miss McEwing leaned back in her chair and folded her hands restlessly.

"If so," she answered sententiously, and that said I mean to say about it till the time comes for more to be proper. When will you begin, after Christmas?"

He stood irresolute, glancing first at his mother, then at the kind clear eyes of his friend.

"When do you begin, John O'Connell," she repeated, "when do you begin to be the man, the intelligence heaven has given you designs you for? When shall you start out on that course, that rightly and steadily pursued, will lead you to honor, and the power of repaying ten fold the favors and bounties of love and kindness? When will you begin, my boy, to make two women happy, whose pride and hope he on you, a precious burden that you must bear carefully, and bring back unwasted and untarnished?"

She rose and took his hand in hers, while Rosie caught the other.

"I'm not worth all this feeling," he stammered, completely mastered by its expression, "but with God's help I'll try to be, and I'll begin this moment."

CHAPTER VIII.

MISS MCEWING GOES ON A JOURNEY.

Mrs. Warren was a middle-aged widow, of some means, and constitutionally ailing. Her husband had been an officer in the navy, and had died while still young, of a malarious fever caught off the coast of Africa. She had had three children, who all died in infancy, and now, after wandering about from one spot to another after pure air and healthy locations, had returned to her native city, where she had but few, and those very distant living relatives, determined to make it her home once more. At first she had planned to purchase a homestead in the suburbs, where she might surround herself with pleasant associations that would make her life of suffering more tolerable, but Nannie, the woman who for years had been her attendant and companion, possessed sufficient influence over her to prevail on her to try boarding in an out of town place, before she made an irrevocable purchase. She was a gentle, yielding sort of a lady, clinging strongly to human sympathy and association, and although apt to despond and complain, by no means impatient or irascible. She was in a measure given to literature, but most especially to poetry, and had a not unpleasant way of soothing her own pain by long recitations from her favorites. Having but few friends her life was centered in her mother, and before religiously inclined, a strong faith in a heavenly reunion made some of her aspirations sublime. Her woman, the never tiring and merry humored Nannie, was an indispensable companion, and next to her as a close associate, ranked a gray cat of sombre countenance, ranked given to sleep and the securing of a soft bed.

About a week after Rosie's interview with Miss McEwing, the lady, her servant and cat became inmates of the cottage at the Ridge, then with but little out-door attractiveness, since the trees were gaunt and leafless, and the groves of bushes but a bare and spectral hedge. In doors much improvement was visible. The rooms on one side the hall were furnished anew completely and tastefully; good comfortable couches and easy chairs, fine carpets and curtains transformed the front chamber into a pleasant parlor, with a glowing hearth fire to light up its cheerful aspect, the adjoining room made a commodious bed room, with a sofa couch in the small room beyond. Nannie, Rosie had taken Mary Ann and Kitty into her chamber, and the bed room was embellished with chairs and tables, and a new chest of drawers beside the bedstead they had waited for so long. The sitting-room was especially renovated, and could no longer be recognized as the homely place in which Terry and his wife had taken their first meal at the cottage. It was to be made fit for the lady to dine in when she felt like joining the family, and to that end no pains were spared in its adornment. A sofa and sideboard made a large hall in Rosie's store of savings, but John had added the rest from his liberal allowance, and Rosie was now mistress of a household so genteel that im-

perceptibly her own manners and those of her children improved to be correspondingly elegant. Tim, Mary Ann and Kitty now went regularly to school, with lessons beside to Mary Ann on the piano and to Tim in architectural drawing, for his indefatigable mother discovering a bent that way, had managed to increase her income sufficiently to allow its cultivation.

John went to Yale, and his mother's heart went with him. The day before he started he had gone to the city to bid his patroness good-bye, and returning a little earlier than expected, found the poor soul in tears over the delicate lace work she was repairing.

"It's only folly," she explained, "and not heart sorrow; but oh, my darling boy, I'll miss you. I could tell the hour of your return by the beating of my own heart better than all the clocks that ever were made, and it will be a long day to me that don't bring it—never heed me, dear, I'll get used to it, and your letters will be my life and joy."

"They'll never fail you, mother," said John, and he clasped her around the neck and laid his head on her breast as if he had been a little child.

Rosie calculated rightly in thinking the refining influence of Mrs. Warren would benefit them all. Little Peter, attracted by the great cat, peeped into her parlor, and was induced to enter and make himself at home with the bribe of some pretty thing from the lady's work-basket, and from that moment his chief aim was to mount on the sofa cushions and look at the pictures she kindly showed him, and hear her tell stories about what they meant. Rosie was greatly distressed at first this awakening intelligence on her son's part should be attended with trouble to her lodger, but Nannie assured her that her mistress took a delight in children, and it was well that she did, since it lifted her heart from flitting about herself.

This same Nannie was a bright-eyed, fresh, rosy, lively creature, that might have been any age from want of beauty and freckles, and young enough, to judge from her vivacious spirit.

"You're gay and careless of trouble, ma'am," said Rosie, the first day of her residence at the cottage.

"Why not to be sure," cried Nannie, laughing. "There's nothing repays you so ill for keeping it and feeding it as trouble. I've lived long enough to find out that the sooner you turn your back on it and kick it out of doors the more thanks you'll get for it afterwards."

"There's some kinds, woman dear, that you can't shut your heart against so easily," said Rosie, smiling. "I think it's a sign that yours won't light come and light go, that you talk as you do."

"I've seen trouble," said Nannie, seriously; "but though I don't forget it, I put it away like a picture that I don't take out once in a year to look at, but I always know I have it by me."

She was making a custard for her mistress's dessert, while Rosie was arranging the rest of the dinner. She paused in beating up the eggs and said thoughtfully, as she watched the drops of foam drop slowly from the end of her wooden spoon, "But you're right in one thing, Mrs. O'Connell, I never had much sorrow of my own that was all to myself, you know. I've had but little to lose in this world, and so haven't been broke with losses; but I've seen other people's grief and trouble, and I have a way of taking it to myself and worrying more than I could wish while it lasts."

"I shouldn't think, to look at you, that you know what sorrow meant," said Rosie, incredulously.

"Well, I'll tell you some time about what I've seen other people go through, and I'll allow I know what it looks like," said Nannie.

There was a snarl of something burning in the kitchen, and lost it should extend to the sitting-room, Nannie broke off to go and raise the kitchen window. As she did so, she started back and let it crash down again, without attempting to fasten it in place.

"Good gracious," she exclaimed, looking round in astonishment at Rosie, "do people start out of the earth round here? There's a woman at that window, or else it's her fetch and double, that I haven't seen this dozen years, and I thought she was dead."

Following the direction of her finger, Rosie looked out. There was snow on the garden beds, but the paths had been cleared by Tim before he started for school that morning, and raking along the border with a little stick was Jane Burtis, too intent on the business in hand to look up.

"Do you know her?" asked Rosie of her new inmate.

"Well, I thought I did once; but now, after all, I may be wrong. Years make changes, and this woman looks just as the one I knew did nearly twenty years ago, which don't seem likely, does it?"

Nannie dismissed her astonishment and its occasion as coolly as she did anything else that annoyed her, and broke out laughing as she caught sight of a troubled glance in Rosie's eye.

"I declare, if you don't feel bothered," she cried, "you're a great deal too full of nerves for a thorough-bred Irish woman, if the buzz of a window frame spoils your color that way."

"Pshaw," said Rosie, "it's your fancy; you're plenty of it, when you make yourself believe that you see a person you know to be dead." It would appear from Rosie's tone that she was anxious to make the woman say more on the subject, and that old as it was it contained some peculiar interest to her.

"That's a neighbor of ours," she went on, "a quare creature, I think, who is always proving and picking about our place as if she was looking for something she buried long ago."

Nannie continued silent.

"And she's given to old fits of talking and sociability, though sometimes she won't offer you a word for weeks at a time." Anxious to find if her description tallied with or identified Nannie's recollection, Rosie watched her as she spoke.

But Nannie gave her mind and expression to the furtherance of the custard, and her face told nothing. Rosie was disappointed for a moment, but looking up and catching Nannie's glance of covert inquiry, when she thought herself unobserved, composed the least shade of annoyance out of her own countenance, saying to herself as the waiting woman left the kitchen in obedience to her mistress's summons.

"She is no careless, rattling soul, but a deep enough piece. Sure, I was nearly deceived in her, and thought I could find out all she knew of you riddle, Jane Burtis, without giving a thought as to how I tried to question her."

After that day Jane Burtis was seen no more about the garden or wandering under

the windows of the cottage, and Nannie never alluded to her again in the cheerful anecdotes of talk she held with the mistress of the house. Rosie's hands were full of business, she had gained the great wish of her life, instruction of the better kind for her children, and to keep them in presentable form to receive it, gave her many an hour's employment outside of all her other avocations.

Mrs. Warren had noticed Mary Ann's voice, and expressed herself so delighted with it that a sort of forgotten interest in music revived in her at the sound. She remembered having been quite a performer in her own day, and determined to buy a cottage piano, on which she could accompany the young skylark, as she called her. Inwardly Rosie gloried in this decision, she knew how soon Mary Ann would catch the quiet, gentle sweetness of the sick-lady's manner through close association, and she hailed with joy an entertainment that would keep Kitty spell-bound as a listener, instead of being harnessed and driven through the hall as Peter's fractious steed, as she had of late days taken to after school hours. Mary Ann, who was her mother's own daughter, saw her opportunity, and benefited by it in every way in her power; she took to reading under Mrs. Warren's direction, and astonished her mother by the stores of knowledge thus acquired. A part of her lessons were no longer paid for by the mending and washing of the master's children. John had prevented and provided for that; and Rosie's sole work, beside the duties of her household, was the mending and making up of lace.

Once in two weeks, accompanied by one of the children, she made a visit to Miss McEwing, generally little Peter had been her companion on these occasions, but one day, two or three months after John's departure, she took Mary Ann with her to purchase a bonnet, with a present sent from him for her birthday.

Miss McEwing was so surprised in the work of little more than six months in the manner and appearance of the young girl, that she gave a look of delighted surprise as she entered, exclaiming heartily,

"Why, Rosie, she does you credit, and has improved enough to astonish any one. So here's a letter from the dear boy, and a noble one it is, as it should be coming from him."

Then Rosie told of Mrs. Warren's kindness, and of the piano lessons at home, and Miss McEwing listened interested, and approving, and inquired after Tim's progress, and little Kitty and Peter's health, with an expression sufficiently tender to satisfy even a mother's heart. Then she began to astonish Rosie by saying,

"This is the last time we shall see each other for quite a while, so I wrote to you not to fail in coming. I am going away for a while, how long I cannot say, but I trust so long as I read."

Rosie looked anxiously at the lady, but waited for further encouragement before speaking.

"You know," she continued, her face changing color, and her brow contracting as she spoke, "I have had a sorrowful story—every one must know of such trouble, it cannot be hidden it seems. Well, Rosie, as we are friends, you should know that my journey is not a pleasant one, that it refers to that—and makes me shudder to recall what I must recall in going over the terrible ground again."

Rosie's face was full of eager but uncertain purpose.

"Oh, miss," she exclaimed, then paused at a loss to choose the form of words for what she wished to say. Miss McEwing was already changed in appearance, her whole expression had altered in speaking, and the unsettled glitter that Rosie dreaded began to flicker in her eyes.

"If you would but come out to our house and—see," stammered Rosie.

The lady's face was completely changed—it was convulsed and ghastly white.

"See," she cried in a tone that was a suppressed shriek, "I have seen too much. Not there, no—anywhere but there, I would rather go down into an open grave than into that cottage on the Ridge."

Mary Ann had stepped into another parlor at Miss McEwing's suggestion, before she began to speak, in pretence of trying the piano. A few uncertain notes had reached them while they were talking, but now a full burst of melody strangely unlike that awakened by the hand of a novice, swept in upon them with a wild, sad sweetness in its tone, that caught the excited mind of the lady captive, and she listened spell-bound, while every hard line softened, and her face resumed its wonted calmness.

"What is it?" she asked breathlessly as the lingering tones died away. "Whose soul breathed its strength into such heavenly sorrow?"

Rosie watched her quietly and critically.

"Then I haven't been going too far on a poor foundation," she said, with a sigh of relief. "The child has gains, and you false it."

Quiet, self-possessed mother that she usually was, she read in the disbelieving glance of the listener's eye a triumph for her child, and great tears of pride rolled glittering down her cheeks. She wiped them away hastily, and recovering herself at once, added in a tone not to be disregarded,

"But I charge you do not praise her, let her see that you understand her playing, but for the life of you don't flatter the fresh spirit or innocent unconsciousness out of her, there's nothing in art can quell it if she was to study from now till eternity."

Mary Ann came back.

"Oh, it's beautiful to play on that piano, mother," she said; "the notes just find themselves, and it is so full of sweet sounds I can't help stringing them together."

"Then that was a tune of your own making," said Rosie carelessly.

"Partly," acknowledged the girl blushing, "but it seemed to come naturally to me with every key I touched. I didn't know there could be such sweet-toned pianos."

"That one shall be yours, Mary Ann," said Miss McEwing kindly, and now completely restored to herself. "I am going away for a while, and shall like to think of it while I am gone giving you and others so much pleasure."

The girl uttered a cry of shrill delight and clapped her hands, but her mother looked gravely at the giver, saying,

"But, if you please, Miss Sarah, I think it would be too much, and John would feel so too, and I couldn't have the independence to come if you burdened us with gifts always."

Mary Ann's countenance fell, but Miss McEwing without any show of feeling either way simply nodded, saying,

"As you please—it is here, and you can come and play on it when you will."

Then she sighed heavily, and held out her hand to Rosie.

"Good-bye, good friend—a prayer from you would help any one's cause, give me one once in a while. I am going to search for a woman who will not be found by any common effort, because I think she can take a load off my heart that, as she used to say, I can always know is there, without looking at it."

Without another word she kissed the mother and daughter as if they had been her equals, and bidding God bless and keep them, dismissed them both.

As Rosie hurried homeward, for it was getting late, the words of the lady she had parted from came back again and again, not from anything peculiar in their meaning, but from a familiarity in their sound and expression that reminded her of something, she was unable to say what. It was quite late when they crossed the porch, and Nannie ready and good humored as she always was, had the table set and the kettle boiling for tea.

"If I had known what you thought of having for a relish, I'd have fixed it all," she said; "I know it puts a holy out, to have to begin when they come home tired. I used to be a nice cook once, and I know enough to do pretty well even now, when I need to do it."

"You're so handy, Nannie, that I think you can take a hand at anything without coming off second best. I wish you'd show me how to do some of the dishes you make up for Mrs. Warren; it would be a favor, and you're so obliging that I make bold to ask it."

Nannie assented cheerfully and added, "I wish I could find a roll of old receipts I have put away some where. I'm a great one to pick up as I go along; and I've learned a sight of things watching you already. I run and scribble down anything new—for though I'm not a prize-winner, I can make it out myself, and then I'm sure of it, you see."

Rosie laughed, "I don't know what you could learn from me, Nannie," she said; "I've seen so little of people and their different ways, that I always feel ignorant when I look at others."

Nannie paused as she went out to call her mistress to tea.

"I never saw anyone who made better oatmeal cakes, or could stew a chicken equal to you," she confessed. "I've learnt from watching you how to make good gravy and light buns, and to mind my own business, and keep a close tongue in my head."

"Why, Nannie," cried Rosie, with a suppressed laugh, "I'm sure that last don't apply to me at all; I think I'm always bothering folks about my ways and doings until they're tired of me."

Nannie gave a significant wink with her eye, and pursuing up her mouth tightly, remarked—

"You're deep enough, never fear; and I retired to warn her mistress of the readiness of the meal."

"She's a queer soul," admitted Rosie to herself, as she worked away, "and gives me the character that belongs to herself; but there's nothing new in that—many's the one that I have seen do the same."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

AT TWILIGHT.

We sit by the window, my baby and I,
In the fading sunset light,
Watching the darkness creep over the sky,
Out of the Eastern night.
We see the stars come trembling out
In the track of the fallen sun,
And we feel the quiet, within and without,
That comes when the day is done.

What have we been doing all day, all day,
Since the rosy morning smiled?
Playing at work, and working at play,
God help us, mother and child;
But must I fear those little hands
Have put me to shame to-day?
For God, who is earnest, understands
Truly our work and play.

I think of kindness left undone,
That might have brightened the day;
Of duties dreamed of, but never begun,
Scattered along my way;
You lie with peace in your violet eyes—
You have not learned regret;
For the sorrowful years that make us wise
Have not come to my baby yet.

And still, as I sit in this twilight hour,
At the close of a weary day,
Even sorrow and sin not quite have power
To keep a blessing away—
A blessing that falls like the dew from
Heaven
On the parched and thirsty ground;
And in loving mood, because much forgiven,
My deeper peace is found.

Your life, my baby, is just begun,
And mine is growing old;
But we're children both in the eyes of One
Whose years are all untold;
He holds us both in His loving hand,
He pardons all our sin,
And by and by, to the same sweet land
He will gently lead us in.

CONTINUUM.—One of the young ladies who visited the United States ship Portsmouth, the other day, who was not supposed to have the slightest knowledge of nautical parlance, asked Captain Dorn why the aftermost sail of his ship was like a tyrannical mother.

The gallant captain scratched his head over it for a while, and then "gub it up."

"Because it's a spanker," modestly replied the fair young creature, amid the applause of the epauletted sons of Neptune.

THE MODERN WAY.—Intelligent Englishman.—Well, now look here—if there's no arrest, I'll give up half that ten thousand dollars—the other half I'll keep, for, hang it, I must have something for my trouble.

Indecent.—Oh, of course—and a very fair arrangement—and I'll take half the balance for my trouble, and the owner will be five thousand dollars better off than if he had arrested you.

A story is told of a young lady, teacher at a Sunday-school, who, one or two Sundays ago, asked a youngster what was matrimony. He mistook the question for purgatory, and promptly answered, "A place or state of punishment in this life, where some souls suffer for a short time before they go to Heaven."



SOTAVENTO'S WAR DANCE.

THE QUEEN OF THE SAVANNAH.

BY GUSTAVE AIMARD.

CHAPTER XXIV.

SOTAVENTO MAKES A MOVE.

We will now go back a little way, and return to one of our characters, whose part has hitherto been secondary, but whom events suddenly place almost in the first rank. In one of the preceding chapters we recounted how Sotavento, concealed in a closet, overheard Count de Melgosa's conversation with Don Annibal, and then with Father Pelagio Sandoval. When these three gentlemen had left the room, the worthy mayor-domo left his hiding-place, revolving in his brain projects whose result we shall soon witness.

Sotavento enjoyed his master's entire confidence. His employment as mayor-domo frequently compelled his absence from the house at all hours of the day and night, hence, instead of hiding his departure, it was an easy matter for him to leave the hacienda openly, and he often remained absent for days, while nobody dreamed of asking him to account for his conduct.

At the haciendas, the mayor-domo is generally entrusted with the inspection of the *capataces* and *caporales*, who govern the peons guarding the horses and cattle on the vast dependencies of the estate; we saw vast because they frequently extend for a radius of five and twenty or thirty leagues round the hacienda. This surveillance is the more necessary because the *vaqueros*, left almost entirely to themselves, do not scruple to kill the oxen for the sake of selling the hides, or allow travellers to carry off the best horses in the manana for a trifling sum; all which, as may be supposed, is highly prejudicial to the interest of the owner.

Sotavento, after leaving the closet, went to the corral, lassoed his horse, saddled and led it into the patio. At the moment when he was about leaving the hacienda, he found himself face to face with his master, who, after leading his guest to the apartment prepared for him, was returning to take part in the conference of the conspirators.

"Are you going out, Sotavento?"

"Yes, mi amo," the latter answered, "I was informed this morning that several tigers have been seen in the Bajío de los Pinos, and that they have already caused great ravages among the ganado. I am going myself to see that the tigers are about, and why they have not yet freed the country from these ferocious brutes, which are the more formidable because shearing time and the matanza del ganado are close at hand."

"That is true. I cannot understand the negligence of our *tiguereros*, and yet, I think, they are paid handsomely for each jaguar skin?"

"Fifteen piastres, excellency."

"Pray, Sotavento, do not spare the rascals, but treat them as they deserve. It is really scandalous that, being paid so well, they display such negligence in the performance of their duty."

"You excellency can trust to me."

"I know, my friend," the haciendero answered, kindly, "how thoroughly you are devoted to me. When do you intend to return, for we shall want you here?"

"I know that, excellency, and hence I shall make haste. Still, as I must pass by the Cerro Azul, on my homeward route, to have a look at the large wood-felling you have ordered, I cannot be back till to-morrow night, or the next morning at the latest."

"Well, my friend, act for the best. I trust entirely to you."

Sotavento bowed to his master, who entered the house, and immediately quitted the hacienda. The day was nearly spent, the declining sun only emitted oblique rays, which were almost devoid of heat. The mayor-domo followed for some time at a moderate pace the route to the Bajío de los Pinos, but when the hacienda disappeared behind a thick belt of trees, and the horseman no longer feared being watched by any curious person who had remained on the walls to notice his movements, he stopped, looked suspiciously around to make sure that he was really alone, bent over his horse's neck to catch the slightest sound that might strike his ear, and remained motionless for several minutes.

It is especially in the great American forests that our European proverb, with a slight modification, is perfectly applicable. We may say that the trees have ears, and the leaves eyes. The woodrangers are well aware of this; hence, unless they are at an entirely open spot, they generally speak low in monosyllables, or substitute signs for language. As for the mode of travelling in the forests, we have described it too often to require to dwell on it here.

This time Sotavento was alone. He saw nothing suspicious, and no extraordinary sound reached his ear. We purposely employ the expression "extraordinary sound,"

because, to a man accustomed to a forest life, all sounds have a meaning which he thoroughly knows, and about which he is never mistaken. Thus he can recognize the sighing of the wind among the leaves, the motion of the branch touched by a bird, the murmur of invisible water over pebbles, the rustling of a bush, or the undulation of the tall grass owing to the passage of wild beasts; the buzzing of the mosquitoes over a pool, as well as many other sounds too numerous to mention here, such as the rolling of a stone detached from a mountain, or the footstep of a man on the dry leaves. This science, which it is difficult to learn thoroughly, requires sustained attention, lengthened experience, and, above all, well-tryed patience, qualities only possessed by the Red Skins, and white men who have given up civilized life to lead a desert existence.

The mayor-domo, certain that he had no espionage to dread, drew himself up, settled down on his saddle and whispered to his horse the one word "Santiago," which, in the Spanish language, serves to excite a steed. He started at full speed, holding slightly to his right and insensibly approaching the river, whose yellow waters ran a short distance off between two low and sandy banks. On reaching the bank, the mayor-domo rode along it for two or three leagues, examining the ground with the most scrupulous attention, and apparently seeking some sign which he was unable to discover. At length he halted, and, after a momentary hesitation, entered the river and crossed it obliquely, having the water only up to his horse's chest in the deepest part. What the mayor-domo so long sought, and at length found, was a ford. Under other circumstances it is probable that Sotavento would not have hesitated to make his horse swim the river, but this time he had a long distance to go, and wished to save the animal's strength.

So soon as he reached the opposite bank, he started again at a gallop, continuing to follow the river and rapidly proceeding toward a forest which stood out on the horizon. On crossing the river, Sotavento had entered the territory of the independent Indians, which fact, however, did not appear at all to trouble him; on the contrary, his demeanor became bolder, and his eye was lit up with a savage gleam. The sun disappeared in a gold and purple mist at the moment when Sotavento reached the forest, which he entered without checking his horse's pace.

At length, after a ride which went on thus at a tremendous pace for at least four hours, the mayor-domo reached the foot of a rock covered with lichen and green moss, which stood alone in the centre of a considerable clearing, probably made by the Red Skins during their hunting excursions, in order to procure game more rapidly. This burning must have been recent, for the earth retained a black hue, and traces of fire were still visible all around.

Sotavento halted. Nothing checked the view for three or four leagues round, but all was bare and gloomy. Still the mayor-domo had no intention of stopping at this place, for, after allowing his horse to breathe for ten minutes, he whistled to it and started again at a gallop. This time he did not ride for more than three hours, but his horse was worn out and stumbled at every step. At length, after a long and painful journey, he escaped from its nostrils which dilated convulsively, and it panted fearfully. The mayor-domo was as cool and calm as when he left the hacienda. This man was of iron; neither fatigue nor heat had any power over him. For about an hour he had been riding in the darkness along scarcely traced paths, on which he guided himself as easily as if walking about the streets of a town in broad daylight. He at last reached a spacious clearing, where he halted and dismounted. His horse was scarce able to stand on its trembling limbs. The mayor-domo gave it a glance of pity.

"Poor Negro!" he muttered, as he patted it gently, "you are almost fondered."

He took off the bridle and raised the stirrups, but, before he left the horse at liberty to seek its forage, he carefully rubbed it down, and then gave it a gentle blow, saying—

"Go and rest, my good beast."

The animal raised its intelligent head against its master's shoulder, gave a glad neigh, and bounded off. The mayor-domo remained pensive for a moment, and then, crossing the clearing, he entered the forest with a rapid step, but at the same time so light that the most practised ear could not have caught the sound he produced in treading the ground. After walking in this way for a few minutes, the mayor-domo entered a thicket, and raising two fingers of each hand to his mouth, he thrice imitated the cry of the owl with such perfection, that the birds perched above his head fled away in terror. Almost immediately a similar cry answered him a short distance off. Sotavento, without waiting any longer, quitted the thicket that sheltered him. A man rose before him. This man, as far as was possible to distinguish in the darkness,

was an Indian. Sotavento was not at all surprised by this sudden apparition, which he probably expected. The Indian stood gloomy and silent before him.

"Does not my brother bid me welcome?" Sotavento said to him in the Comanche dialect.

"The Stag knows," the Indian answered, "that his brothers are delighted to see him. Why, then, say useless things?"

"Where is the tribe encamped at this moment?"

"Does not my brother see the yellow leaves falling? The Red Buffaloes have withdrawn to their winter village."

"I thought so; that is why I pushed on here, instead of halting at the burnt clearing."

"My brother acted wisely."

"Are not the chiefs upon an expedition?"

"No, all the warriors and braves are assembled at the village."

"Will not my brother accompany me to the chiefs?"

"I will follow my brother."

"The Stag can come then."

Without waiting for the mayor-domo's answer, the Indian turned away, and began walking at such a pace that any man but the one who accompanied him would doubtless have had great difficulty in keeping up with him. Sotavento soon saw the village watch-fires gleaming through the trees, and a few minutes later found himself with his guide among the irregular rows of huts. On seeing him, the women and children flocked up to him with cries of joy, and gave him unequivocal signs of sincere friendship. The mayor-domo briefly returned the congratulations offered him, and, followed by the crowd, proceeded to the council lodge, where the chiefs were still assembled, in spite of the lateness of the hour.

On setting foot in the village, Sotavento, so to speak, underwent a complete metamorphosis, all in him suddenly changed; and had it not been for his clothing, nobody would have taken him for a Mexican. He walked up to the entrance of the council lodge, where he stood respectfully waiting till he was addressed. The chiefs were smoking, gravely seated round a fire, whose flame played on their faces, and lit them up with fantastic reflections. The Indian who had acted as guide to the mayor-domo entered the lodge, and said a few words in a low voice.

"The Stag is the cherished son of the tribe," a grave voice replied; "the omnipotent Wacandah protects him; his presence among us is always hailed with joy. We heard the cries of the squaws and children who bade him welcome. Let him take the seat reserved for him at the council fire. What do my brothers, the sachems, say?"

The other chiefs bowed their heads in the affirmative, and Sotavento walked in, sat down, crossed his arms on his chest, and waited silently till his turn arrived to take part in the discussion.

"My brother White Crow will proceed," the chief who had already spoken said.

"Yes," White Crow said, doubtless concluding a speech which had been interrupted by Sotavento's arrival, "the information obtained by our hunters is positive; the Pawnee Loups have made a great expedition, and carried off many horses. We are in want of horses. The Pawnees are encamped two stuns' distance at the head from our village; why should we not go and take from them the horses we require? I have spoken; let my brothers reflect."

Another chief said—

"Our young men require to be trained; few warriors of our tribe are reported good horse thieves. White Crow's medicine is good; his expeditions always succeed. Let him choose among our young men those whom he considers worthy to accompany him, and carry off the horses of the Pawnees, which we shall soon need for our great buffalo hunts. I have spoken."

"What is the opinion of the chiefs?" the sachem continued.

"Let Running Water give his first," White Crow said, "for he is the oldest sachem of the tribe."

Running Water rose.

"Be it so," he said, "I will speak. The news brought by White Crow is good; we really want horses for our great winter hunts. At any other moment I should have said, go and seize the Pawnee horses; ten minutes ago I should have expressed that opinion, but now I cannot possibly do so. My brothers do not reflect that my son, the Stag, has just arrived at the village; the distance is great from the stone lodge of the white men to the villages of the Red Buffaloes; my son would not undertake so long a journey without serious motives. Let us suspend our discussion for a few moments; defer the decision as to the advisability of the projected expedition; smoke the grand sacred calumet filled with no riches, and listen to the words of my son. His tongue is not forked, and, perhaps, he has important news to give us. I have spoken."

The chiefs bowed in silence, and White Crow, answering for all, said that the sachem's advice was good, and that, before

coming to a decision about the expedition against the Pawnees, the council would listen to the news which the Stag doubtless had to communicate. The great sacred calumet was then brought in with all the usual ceremonies on such occasions; it was filled with sacred tobacco, and lit by the help of a medicine rod. When it had gone the round, Running Water turned to Sotavento—

"The ears of the chiefs of the tribe are open," he said to him; "the Stag can speak."

The mayor-domo bowed respectfully to the sachem, and rose in the midst of a general silence.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE COUNCIL OF THE RED BUFFALOES.

The night was dark; there was not a star in the heavens; at lengthened intervals, however, the moon emerged from behind the clouds, and shed for a few minutes a trembling and uncertain light, which, when it disappeared, rendered the darkness more dense; the wind whistled mournfully through the denuded trees, which clashed together with dull moanings, mingling their sad harmony with the ill-omened roars of the wild beasts, which prowled starving about the forest. The entrance of the lodge in which the chiefs were assembled in council glaucous in the darkness like the mouth of the infernal regions. With the exception of the sachems, everybody was asleep in the village; the very dogs had ceased their sharp barking, and were lying by the half extinguished fires, which smouldered beneath the ashes, spread no light.

Sotavento, or the Stag, by whichever name the reader likes to call him, had risen, and all the chiefs fixed on him eyes displaying the liveliest curiosity; in fact, as Running Water had remarked, the mayor-domo must have most important news to communicate to the chiefs of his nation, to have thus suddenly undertaken so long and dangerous a ride.

"Sachems and braves of the invincible tribe of Red Buffalo," he said, "it is only when I am able to see you that the skin which covers my heart is suddenly removed, and the words which issue from my chest are really inspired by the Wacandah. To obey the orders of the sages of my nation, I consented with regret to leave the call of my fathers, and pretend to adopt the customs of the cowardly pale faces whose ruin we have sworn. Very often, this burthen, too heavy for my weak shoulders, has nearly crushed me; very often I have felt my courage on the point of abandoning me in this incessant struggle and false existence which has become mine. But you ordered, sachems, and I was obliged to bow my head and obey; I had ever present before my mind the numberless insults and horrible sufferings which our tyrants had made us endure. This thought constantly burning in my heart like a sharp arrow, by reviving my hatred, gave me the necessary strength to accomplish my heavy task. I believe, fathers and sachems of my nation, that I have never up to the present incurred reproaches from you on account of lukewarmness or negligence."

The chiefs bowed in evidence of their satisfaction, and Running Water replied—

"What does my son say? Why does he thus praise himself? The Wacandah is a sonorous voice, 'for having done his duty.' Does he not know that every man was placed in this world by the Wacandah to fulfil an often rough and painful task? Happy those whose task is the most arduous! The Wacandah loves them and regards them with a favorable eye, and for them he reserves after death the most productive territory in the happy hunting grounds. Of what does my son complain? In devoting him to live among the pale faces, I made him the saviour of my people and the avenger of their insults. All the braves, all the warriors of my tribe envy his lot; he alone complains like a cowardly Yori. He finds the task which has been allotted to him too heavy; be it so, let him retire, let him give up the post of honor, which the chiefs consented to confide to him, for the sake of us, let him return to the desert, but he must shut the call of his fathers; he will not find brothers, relatives, or friends in his country; all will reject him and compel him to take refuge among the wild beasts that are less cruel and cowardly than he."

The mayor-domo listened to this severe reprimand with drooping head, but without daring to interrupt it. When the old chief ceased, he drew himself up.

"My father," he replied in a humble voice, with an accent of the greatest deference, "your words are severe; they fall upon my heart like red hot coals. I do not deserve these reproaches; the Wacandah is my witness that my thoughts have ever been with my tribe, and that avenging the insults offered you has been the sole object for which I have striven. My abode among the pale faces has, perhaps, unconsciously given my words a strange turn that has led you into error. Be not wrath with me, father, for I am worthy of your esteem, if not of your praise. If I complained it was because my heart suffers at being absent from you, and that I long for the moment when I shall be allowed to throw far from me this borrowed garb, to resume the free, glorious, independent life of the Comanches, that noble nation, without an equal on the prairie, beloved by the Wacandah, respected by all the Red Skins, and feared by the ferocious pale faces, who have never succeeded in bowing them beneath the shameful yoke which they have imposed on all the other Indians."

The old chief shook his head several times, while a smile of undefinable meaning played round the corners of his thin lips.

"My son has learned much among the pale faces," he said, "his mind has opened to thoughts strange to his countrymen; his horizon has expanded and his tongue is gilded. May the Wacandah grant that it has not become forked, and that his heart has not altered. I believe his words, and am glad to think that he does not deceive the fathers of his tribe. He can forget any severity in my words; the friendship I bear him, and the fear I have of seeing him break his word, could alone have made me utter them. Now, let my son explain to us, without further delay, the motive for his coming among us. The owl has already hooted twice, and we must be in a position before sunrise to take those measures which the news he brings us will doubtless necessitate."

The mayor-domo bowed respectfully, and at once continued—

"Thanks, father, for the justice you do me; your hopes shall not be deceived. Now, without further preface, this is my news, which I think will be agreeable to you, as it will give you the means to seize one of your most obstinate foes. The man whom the Yoris call Count de Melgosa is at this mo-

ment at the hacienda with an escort composed of but six *tenientes*. To-morrow at sunrise he will set out to return to his house; nothing will be easier than for you to seize him as he passes through the canon, if your arrangements are properly made."

"Ah!" said the sachem. "That is really excellent news, and we will be careful to follow your advice, my son; but have you nothing else to tell us?"

"Yes, this: the Yoris are preparing once again to dig up the hatchet against their masters, the *Chichipinos*. A great meeting of all the Yori chiefs has taken place at the Hacienda del Barrio, and war is resolved."

"Good," the chief answered, "perhaps, this time, the Wacandah will deliver our enemies to us."

"I believe I hold the power of soon delivering them to you," the Stag said in a hollow voice.

"Speak, son of my best beloved *Quatt*!" the chief exclaimed with a vivacity unusual in an Indian: "your words fall on my heart like a refreshing dew; they rejoice me, and restore me the hope of vengeance."

"I cannot explain myself, father; my plan is one of those which only the man who has conceived them can carry out by keeping in his heart the secret of the means he intends to employ, but also the object he purposes to attain."

"Who knows whether the bird flying over our head may not go and reveal our secrets to the enemy? To you, but to you alone, my father, I will reveal so much of my plans as I can, but the chiefs of my nation must place the most entire confidence in me, and let me act as I please, if not, it will be impossible for me to succeed."

"I say that the chiefs of the nation must place full and entire confidence in me, because I require their aid in carrying out the plan I have formed. That is to say, I ask for the command of twenty of our most renowned warriors, who will obey me solely, and that, perhaps, for a whole moon. I have spoken, let my fathers reflect and take those measures with which their wisdom inspires them."

After uttering these words, the mayor-domo sat down, folded his arms on his chest, and fell into profound thought, remaining, apparently at least, a complete stranger to what was said round him, although, after the manner of the council, he was personally interested in the discussion which took place.

Like all Indian debates the present one was calm and grave, each orator speaking in his turn and developing his ideas, without fearing the interruption so common and so offensive among ourselves. Nearly three hours were spent ere all had spoken, and opinions seemed agreed.

"These are the resolutions of the council," Running Water said as he rose; "let my brothers open their ears, for a chief is about to speak."

All eyes were immediately turned to the old Sachem, the Stag himself seemed to wake up, for he raised his head and listened to the chief's words with the deepest attention.

Although the mayor-domo's face was impassive, and all his features retained the rigidity of Florentine bronze, a fearful storm was raging in his heart, for on what he was about to hear depended the success of a plan he had formed for a long time as the realization of his dearest hopes.

The chiefs and sachems assembled round the council fire in the medicine lodge, after hearing the important news brought by the Stag, one of their most renowned chiefs, and after thoroughly deliberating on this news, have formed the following resolutions, which will be executed with the aid of the Wacandah, who alone is powerful, and without whose protection nothing is possible.

The chiefs thank the Stag for the tried devotion he has not ceased to prove to the tribe in the dangerous post intrusted to him. In order to testify to the Stag the unbounded confidence which they have in his character, they grant his request under the sole stipulation that he will reveal to his father, Running Water, all he possibly can without incurring the success of the expedition he is undertaking.

The Stag will choose twenty braves of his tribe, and assume their command, to lead them wherever he thinks proper, no one having the right to make any observation to him. He will have over these braves all the prerogatives of the most renowned chiefs of the tribe; this command, whose duration is unlimited by the council, will only cease at the Stag's desire.

The sachem has thus decided, in order to give Running Water and his son a proof of their sincere friendship and the gratitude they feel for all the services which these two chiefs have rendered them.

Running Water and White Crow will place themselves at the head of detachments of warriors they consider numerous enough to seize the Yori chief called *Quatt* in the Mellaga, and so soon as the implacable enemy of our tribe is in their hands, they will lead him to our winter village, in order that the council of the nation may treat him as they think proper for the general welfare. I have spoken. Have I said well, powerful men?"

All the chiefs bowed, merely uttering one word, *Achast* (it is well), the formula which generally closes the councils of the sachems.

At this moment the darkness began to be dispelled, and though the sun had not yet risen above the horizon, large bands of russet which tinged the sky, and covered it with extreme rapidity, proved that the day would soon break. The Stag rose, bowed respectfully to the members of the Council, and left the lodge. Hastily crossing the village square, on which some squaws were already to be seen, he entered the call of his father, Running Water, and let the frame of interwoven lianas, lined with a buffalo-hide, which served as a door, fall behind him. A few moments after the Stag reappeared. Assuredly, in this Indian, armed and painted for war, no one would have recognized Sotavento, the mayor-domo, the man in whom Don Amador de Saltillo placed such unbounded confidence, and on whose devotion he thought he had such reasons to count. The Stag had entirely doffed his European clothing, and put on the grand war-dress of the Comanche chiefs. In his left hand he held a long, sharp-pointed javelin, and his gun in his right. He went up to the ark of the first man, a species of enclosure of planks, of a conical shape, situate in the centre of the square, before which stood a sumach, whose faded leaves were already beginning to fall.

After walking thrice round the sumach he stopped, bowed twice to the rising sun, and then, holding the javelin, while he held the bow, he commenced to sing, and the tree, as if by magic, and the doubtless strophe with their calls and

assembled round the chief, who continued his song. In a moment an Indian started after him, dancing and singing behind him. After him came another and then another, so that, at the end of half an hour, twenty warriors were dancing behind the Stag, and repeating after him the words he continued to improvise. As each Indian faced the circle of dancers, a woman left the group of spectators, and went to fetch his weapons from the calli. In the meanwhile the dance, which had begun to a slow and monotonous rhythm, had grown animated. The Indians, bathed in perspiration, twirled round the tree, to which they dealt repeated blows, while uttering hoarse, inarticulate cries, and brandishing their weapons furiously. The squaws and children, collected round the braves, mingled their cries and yells with theirs, and added by their imprecations and disorderly gestures to the sinister horror of this scene, to which was imparted all the savage majesty of the Indian war-dance.

The tree, struck by the axes, sagaxes, knives, and lances of the Indians, lost its branches, and was completely stripped of its bark, which was piled on the ground; but, as the warriors, far from being checked, seemed, on the contrary, momentarily to increase. Suddenly the Stag gave a signal. All halted, as if by magic, and a deep silence instantaneously succeeded the deafening concert performed by all those men who had reached a paroxysm of fury. The chief gazed with satisfaction at the young, powerful, and haughty men who surrounded him.

"Will twenty warriors follow the Stag on the war trail?" he asked.

"Yes, they will follow him!" the Red Skins replied unanimously.

"Good," they are great braves! The Stag knows them. The warriors will put on their war-moccasins, take their weapons, and choose their best horses. When the sun is level with the topmost branches of the trees, the Stag will be at the foot of the ark of the first man, mounted and waiting for his braves. Now the Comanche squaws will proceed to cut down the sumach; no trace of the enemies of the Red Buffalo must remain. The warriors kill their foes, but women torture them. I have spoken."

The warriors dispersed. The squaws, following the permission granted them, at once rushed yelling on the unhappy tree, the last fragments of which disappeared within ten minutes beneath the blows of these savage Megarias. The Stag returned to his father's lodge, where the latter soon joined him. They had a confidential conversation together, which lasted more than two hours, at the end of which Running Water retired, apparently much satisfied with the explanation his son had given him. At the hour appointed by the Stag to depart, all the warriors were drawn up in front of the ark of the first man, impatient to set out and begin their mysterious expedition.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Col. Benton and the Woolly Horse.

A Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial relates the following anecdote of the late Col. Benton:

Next door to Shillington's, on Pennsylvania avenue, a fellow came one day, about 1850, and opened a show. He had music playing at the door—a hurdy gurdy, or something—and across the pavement stretched a gorgeous transparency to this effect:

"THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN POST, CAPTAIN JOHN C. FREMONT, U. S. A., ON EXHIBITION HERE."

"It is neither horse, nor stag, nor antelope, but a marvellous combination of them all, an extraordinary nondescript, the puzzle of the faculty, the miracle of nature, the admiration of the world!"

The day after this spectacle opened, Dr. Wallace, now of the New York Herald, a favorite of Benton, was looking over the papers in Shillington's, when Col. Benton, in his ponderous and stately way, turned the corner, coming down Fourth and a half street. He heard the music of the hurdy gurdy, and seeing the great painted canvas over the pavement, he folded his cloak around him and proceeded to read the inscription. As he did so his English nose began to expand, his whiskers, brushed forward like gun-wads, began to curl, his gray eyes looked famine.

Wallace, offensively reading the papers, was suddenly disturbed by the Colonel laying violent hands upon him.

"Here, sir! You! I want you, sir!" said he, in his deepest and most dreadful tones.

He put his talons into Wallace's shoulder, lifting him almost off his feet, shoved him ahead, and poked him along into the street and up the pavement. At the door of the show he took Wallace by the nape of the coat collar and gave him a chuck up stairs.

"Stop!" said the showman, "you have not paid your admission!"

"How much, sir, is it?" said Benton, terribly.

"What is your fare, sir?"

"Quarter of a dollar!"

Benton produced the quarter and handed it over graciously. Then he chuckled Wallace further up stairs.

"Go on, sir, I want you for a witness!"

"Stop!" said the showman below to Benton, who had pushed by him. "I must have your fare, too!"

"I don't recognize you, sir," cried Benton, "go on," to Wallace.

Wallace, in great consternation to know what this meant, was propelled into the show room, while the door-keeper followed hard after to recover his money.

There stood the woolly horse, eccentric, indeed, at his ruminations, divided from the people by a rope. Across this rope the Colonel vaulted. He flexed his talons in the nondescript's wool, with another grip at his crupper, and, at a jerk, tore away hide, horns, and the whole outgrigery of the quadruped.

"There," said the Colonel, in a scream, standing upon his hide like an eagle upon a sheep. "You are an impostor, sir! You slander, in this imposture, an officer of the army. I give you twenty-four hours to leave this city. Depart!"

He slung Wallace aside, paying no more attention to him, and stalked up toward the capitol.

Shillington says that in ten minutes there wasn't a vestige of the showman left. Dray-horse, hurdy gurdy, and canvas folded their wings like the Araks, and silently passed away.

The Paris police have lately dealt severely with an original thief, whose peculiarity was a propensity to pick the locks of police stations and steal small articles of no use to himself. His defence was that he wished to make the police more vigilant. It was a good defence, but one the police could neither appreciate nor forgive.

The Earthquake in California.

We think our readers will be interested in the following private letter, recently received from a lady in Alameda, California. It gives a graphic account of the earthquake and its consequences. Alameda is just across the bay from San Francisco.

ALAMEDA, Oct. 23, 1898.

Dear E.—We have scarcely slept at all for two nights. Of course you will see by the papers, long before this reaches you, all about the terrible earthquake we had on the 21st. The shock came at eight o'clock in the morning; I was in the sitting room, mending a snogee of M's; knew in a minute what it was, and rushed out the door with M. and mamma. We sank right down on the ground; I thought mamma was going to faint, and M. was frightened almost out of her senses. I shall never forget their faces.

It was the hardest shock that has ever been felt in California, and lasted too long for an earthquake. It was perfectly frightful to see the large trees swaying all about, and to hear the rumbling noise. I expected all the time to see the ground open—it did open at Hayward's, twelve miles from here.

Presently we heard Mrs. S.—scream from her window up stairs (they are our next door neighbors).

Directly after the first shock, we thought of papa and L.; they had both started off a few minutes before, papa for San Leandro, and L. for the city. We were so afraid the cars would be on the long wharf—I knew it was just the time for them to be there. I had a great time to keep mamma from going up the road for papa, or down to the depot to hear about the cars. Mr. and Mrs. S. came running over. "My house is ruined," they were all up stairs at the time, and could not get down till the worst was over. They said the children were thrown from one side of the room to the other, and they held on to the bed to keep from falling; the plaster came tumbling all around them. Mr. S.—told papa that he never expected to get down alive.

N.—jumped on a horse and rode after papa, and then to the depot to hear from L.—He soon came back saying that they were safe, and after that we felt a little better. The shocks still continued, with a little time between. After a while we ventured to look in the windows, first in the sitting room, and then in the parlor. Everything was in confusion—the book case thrown down and broken, glass and books all mixed together, a large chair thrown down and broken, the clock stopped of course, the sewing machine pushed out from the wall, the lamp upset, chimney broken, and the oil running out, some little vases thrown on the floor. And in the parlor everything seemed to be in the middle of the room—all the little trinkets thrown down, the what not emptied, but strange to say most of them not broken. We were afraid to step inside the house for ever so long. Mrs. S.—wanted us to come over to look at their house; just as we came to it there was another hard shock, and how the house did rattle. N.—said, "oh! look at S.—'s chimney." We looked, and there was nothing but a big hole in the roof; that reminded us of our own, which we soon saw was down too. Pretty soon papa came riding back, brought word that the court house was down, and Mr. Joselyn killed; how thankful we all felt that papa was not there.

After a while we ventured in the house and tried to fix things a little, but it was very slow work for we had to run out about every ten minutes—we kept all the doors open. About noon Mrs. C.—and A.—and J.—walked down; J.—'s face was as white as her apron almost, and we all trembled so we could hardly stand. While we were talking there came another shock, and we all ran out of doors. Their kitchen stove upset and nearly set the house on fire, and A.—'s marble-topped bureau was thrown down and broken. They had stopped at Aunt E.—'s a minute, and said she took it very coolly, was not much frightened. Oh my! what a state everybody's pantry was in—sugar, oil, vinegar, cream, spices, and everything all mixed together. We walked down to C.—'s, she was out of doors with the children trying to get lunch; sent the girl for some cups and saucers—she came back with four and said, "This is all that is left." A. C.—said she hadn't a single vase or lamp.

When we came back I found mamma on the couch by the door trying to get some rest, we all felt so tired, and the day seemed so long, and still we dreaded the night. We could not think of sleeping up stairs. Just before dark papa and the boys went up and brought down some blankets and a mattress; the boys slept in the barn and the rest of us on the floor. Precious little sleep we had. I heard the clock strike every hour but two; we were glad when morning came, and were up about five. I think I never was nervous before, but I certainly was that day and night. I felt as if I should like to move away to some country where they never have earthquakes. I do hope it will soon be over. We went to bed last night, but had several shocks, one quite heavy, about three o'clock; we started up, but by that time it was over. They are such fearful things. There is something so awful in feeling the ground shake beneath your feet. M.—would not come inside the house all day; and last night, just after she got in bed and there came a shock, she began to cry and begged mamma to come and sleep with her; she felt safe then. Mr. K.—'s house is a ruin. I rode up to see it this morning, a handsome octagon house; one side is completely thrown down, and it is all cracked—the family are looking for another house.

Mr. B.—'s house is in ruins. I heard that a man could walk through the cracks in it. Every house is without a chimney. Three years ago they had a bad earthquake in October; you know I was with you then, and did not feel it, but this one was the worst that has ever been felt here. Mamma and I did not go up stairs till the next day; everything was in confusion, books thrown down, pitchers upset, mamma's looking-glass broken and mine just saved. That heavy little bureau you know of, tilted back, the bed moved more than a foot from the wall, my palette in the middle of the floor, together with a pile of pictures and papers. We have been working hard to get things put to rights again. I did not tell you that the dog and the lamb came running up to us for safety, and kept close to us till the worst was over.

I must stop and go to bed. M.—won't go alone and is asleep on the couch. All my letter is taken up with this awful earthquake, but I can think of very little else just now. I walked up to see Aunt E.—a few minutes yesterday; their house is not hurt at all, only they lost a chimney of course; but the plaster is not cracked. It being a one-story house saved it, I expect.

Write soon to me. Give love to all from K.—

Baron James Rothschild.

[In connection with the admirable story of "The Elector and the Money Prince," our readers will be interested in the following account of Baron James Rothschild, recently deceased, and of his brothers—the sons of Meyer Anselm, the founder of this great financial house.]

A great man has fallen in Israel. And yet neither a great man nor exactly in Israel, Baron James Rothschild, the fifth son of Meyer Anselm Rothschild of Frankfurt, has been recognized by a sort of family compact or tradition, since the death in 1836 of the greatest of his house, Nathan Meyer Rothschild of London, as the head of a tribe, less numerous, indeed, than any one of the ten which were lost so long ago from the zodiac of Israel, but more opulent and more powerful in the world of our times than were all the ten together in Palestine of old. After nearly four-score years of unbroken worldly prosperity, he has now been gathered to his fathers. For him the splendors of Ferrières are become as a tale that is told. For him the great gates of the vast quadrangle which encloses the fabulously sumptuous Hotel of the Rothschilds in the Rue La Fayette at Paris will open but once more forever. To call him "a great man" would be to imply, if not that his life was noble, at least that his death will make an appreciable difference in the organization and the administration of such human affairs as he in his time had to do with. To say that he has fallen in Israel would be to imply that he was an Israelite indeed, not outwardly alone but in his sympathies, his relations, and his ambition of race. Now none of these things can with truth be either said or implied of Baron James de Rothschild. The colossal moneyed interests into the enjoyment and the management of which he was born had become so solidly combined under the control of his brother, Nathan Meyer, who deserves to be called the founder of the permanent fortunes of the Rothschild family, they were so ingeniously distributed and interlinked, that the efforts of Baron James were rather confined to guarding against the possible evil influences upon his house of the enormous changes in the worlds of finance and of politics which have come to pass during the last twenty years, than directed to making the position already attained by the Rothschilds when he came upon the stage the basis of new and grander operations. And while he never abandoned the faith of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob, he never felt any such concern for the welfare of his co-religionists as has been felt and shown, for example, by such eminent and estimable Israelites as the excellent but eventually unfortunate Abraham Goldsmid in the last century and Sir Moses Montefiore in our own times. The sarcasm levelled at him by Prince Talleyrand, when that subtle personage presented the embossed son of the banker of the Hessian Landgrave to the head of the crusading Montefiores with the words, "I introduce the premier baron of Israel to the premier baron of Christendom," was lost upon Baron James. He took his title in good faith, regarded it as a valuable reality, and felt himself to be rather a Frenchman of the *haute finance*, or, to speak more exactly, a Parisian of the *ouïsses* and the Jockey club, than a Jew.

These traits of his disposition gave power and poisonous pungency to the terrible attack made upon him, by Balzac in his picture of M. de Nucingen. And in these traits he more nearly resembled such "successful" scions of his ancient oriental stock as Sampson Gideon, who founded in England that family of the Culling Earlsleys which in our days has gloriously ended in an Exeter Hall Calvinistic disciple of Lord Shaftesbury, and in a bigamistical baronet, than the really noble and gifted Israelities who have illumined the annals of modern art and modern letters with names like those of a Mendelssohn and a Jacoby. The political circumstances of the last twenty years in France have not been favorable to the development in the Parisian branch of the Rothschild family of such civic and political faculties as have earned a respectable reputation in other fields than those of finance for some of their British kinsmen. But Baron James had no taste for civic or political life. To be the central figure of the most powerful commercial house which has ever existed (unless, indeed, we are to except that of the Fuggers of Augsburg at the height of their fortunes) filled the measure of his ambition. Need we say how much it secured for him of homage and of influence among men in these days, when, as our own poet, Halleck, so truly sang—

"Lord Stafford mines for coal and salt,
The Duke of Norfolk deals in malt,
The Douglass in red herrings;
And noble name and cultured land,
Palace and park, and vassal band,
Are powerless to the notes of hand
Of Rothschild or the Barings?"

But homage and influence were by no means the whole revenue of Baron James's vast opulence. He loved to dispense a gorgeous hospitality; he filled his house in Paris with marvels of "bigotry and virtue," and his Olympian nod was all-potent behind the scenes of the opera with divinites neither bigoted nor virtuous. His picture-gallery was famous even in the city which contains the hotel of the Marquis of Hertford. There, in the apartments appropriated to Madame de Rothschild, connoisseurs admired that noble "Boy" of Rembrandt for which the representatives of half the finest national galleries in Europe contended at the sale of the Baron Von Bienen's collection; and a Hobbema, esteemed, and rightly esteemed, to be the finest specimen of the master to be seen in France since the Hertford Hobbemas were transferred to one of the English palaces of the owner; and the only authentic specimen, save that in the Imperial Louvre, of the skill of Jan Van Eyck, the "morning-star" of Northern art. Rembrandt's "Standard-Bearer," a delicious "Lettre" from the serial pencil of Greuze, a charming portrait by Velasquez of an Infanta of Spain; a master-work by Quentin Metsu, the blacksmith, whom Love, as a sweet old legend tells us, ennobled into an artist; and a priceless gem, "Winter," from the easel of Van de Velde—were conspicuous among the ornaments of this palace of finance. In pictures of the more modern schools, and particularly of the schools of France, the Baron's gallery was only less rich than the incomparable collection of M. de Lacaze. A cabinet of painted enamels, not surpassed by those of De

Ganay and Basilewski; store of rare Italian porcelain and fairy-like Venetian glass, and Persian vessels of price, rivaling the sapphire and the ruby in splendor;—these, with all that upholstery, all that *brie-a-brac* ever gave to bear the witness of beauty to the potency of wealth, made the residence of Baron James de Rothschild one of the most interesting of museums as well as one of the most sumptuous of homes. And yet, from the overplus of the Rue La Fayette, the Parisian Cræsus had poured forth upon his magnificent country-seat of Ferrières such treasures of art that these alone were estimated in the inventories of the insurance companies at more than ten millions of francs, or two millions of dollars, in value.

The latter years of Baron James had been somewhat embittered by the marvellous prosperity of the great financial combinations which, under the direction of able and far-seeing or of merely audacious and unscrupulous men, generated around the old hotel of the Rue La Fayette a swarm of rival fortunes, some of which, as for example those of the Perciers, were for a while popularly believed to be eclipsing his own. But the firm principles established by Meyer Anselm and by Nathan Meyer were down in the end these evanescent glories, which, having risen "like an exhalation," like an exhalation in many cases began again to disappear while yet the Baron lived to see them fade and pass away. He has undoubtedly died as he was born—a financial prince of the first financial house of the world. With his death the sceptre of its affairs is likely to pass from Paris to London. The "nuptials," to use the royal word, of a princess of the house of London with a prince of the house of Paris were celebrated, it will be remembered, some years ago, with a pomp which recalled the fabled magnificence of Becket's Fonthill, and which inspired the London Times to an epithetium two columns long, glowing with flowers like a Chiswick horticultural show, and sparkling with diamonds like the regalia of a monarch. The perpetual interweaving of the resources and the abilities of the different branches of this extraordinary family has heretofore been the palladium of their fortunes. It will doubtless for many a long year to come give a strength to their dynasty within its own domain, which from other dynasties in the realm of politics is fast ebbing away. And after all, while the interest which people take in a dynastic family in finance simply because it is a dynastic family, and is raised upon like Danne of old by a golden Jupiter, is not a bit more respectable than interest in a royal dynasty simply because it is royal, the Rothschilds deserve this praise, that down to the present time their vast wealth has been preserved as it was won, mainly by a rigid adherence to the principles of probity and of punctuality in all the important relations of life.

KILLING MADE EASY.—A ghastly scientific discovery is reported from Turin, where Professor Casturani, the celebrated oculist, has, it would appear, found a way of killing animals, by forcing air into their eyes, within the space of a few seconds, and it is thought, almost without causing them any pain.

Experiments were made at the Royal Veterinary School, and it is said that they have fully proved the truth of the professor's invention. Within the space of a few minutes four rabbits, three dogs, and a goat were killed in this manner. The most remarkable thing about this "killing made easy" is the fact that it leaves absolutely no outward trace; and it can be as easily applied to men as to animals; if so, it is to be hoped that the method is not easy of application.

A young lady who had a pretty cousin, said to a suitor that she "couldn't marry him for six months." On being urged to give her reasons, she replied, "Cousin Flora has done me out of two beaux, and I am determined she shan't do me out of a husband, so I won't marry you, Harry, till she's been and gone." The fair lady evidently thinks that the "better part of valor is discretion," and is likewise convinced that "an ounce of precaution is worth a pound of cure."

The so-called Antier sympathetic ink, for giving a copy of a letter without any press, and without previously moistening the copying paper, consists essentially of a decoction of Brazil wood and glycerine. When any paper is written upon with this ink and laid upon tissue paper, the simple rubbing over with the finger is sufficient to produce the desired transfer.

All England that wears stockings is alarmed at the discovery that, in the process of dyeing certain colors, the fabric is changed into gun cotton. Imagine a whole audience blowing themselves up while stamping applause at a mass-meeting.

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PRICE LIST OF TEAS.

COLOGNE (Black), 25c, 30c, 40c, 50c, 60c, 70c, 80c, 90c, 1.00, 1.10, 1.20, 1.30, 1.40, 1.50, 1.60, 1.70, 1.80, 1.90, 2.00, 2.10, 2.20, 2.30, 2.40, 2.50, 2.60, 2.70, 2.80, 2.90, 3.00, 3.10, 3.20, 3.30, 3.40, 3.50, 3.60, 3.70, 3.80, 3.90, 4.00, 4.10, 4.20, 4.30, 4.40, 4.50, 4.60, 4.70, 4.80, 4.90, 5.00, 5.10, 5.20, 5.30, 5.40, 5.50, 5.60, 5.70, 5.80, 5.90, 6.00, 6.10, 6.20, 6.30, 6.40, 6.50, 6.60, 6.70, 6.80, 6.90, 7.00, 7.10, 7.20, 7.30, 7.40, 7.50, 7.60, 7.70, 7.80, 7.90, 8.00, 8.10, 8.20, 8.30, 8.40, 8.50, 8.60, 8.70, 8.80, 8.90, 9.00, 9.10, 9.20, 9.30, 9.40, 9.50, 9.60, 9.70, 9.80, 9.90, 10.00, 10.10, 10.20, 10.30, 10.40, 10.50, 10.60, 10.70, 10.80, 10.90, 11.00, 11.10, 11.20, 11.30, 11.40, 11.50, 11.60, 11.70, 11.80, 11.90, 12.00, 12.10, 12.20, 12.30, 12.40, 12.50, 12.60, 12.70, 12.80, 12.90, 13.00, 13.10, 13.20, 13.30, 13.40, 13.50, 13.60, 13.70, 13.80, 13.90, 14.00, 14.10, 14.20, 14.30, 14.40, 14.50, 14.60, 14.70, 14.80, 14.90, 15.00, 15.10, 15.20, 15.30, 15.40, 15.50, 15.60, 15.70, 15.80, 15.90, 16.00, 16.10, 16.20, 16.30, 16.40, 16.50, 16.60, 16.70, 16.80, 16.90, 17.00, 17.10, 17.20, 17.30, 17.40, 17.50, 17.60, 17.70, 17.80, 17.90, 18.00, 18.10, 18.20, 18.30, 18.40, 18.50, 18.60, 18.70, 18.80, 18.90, 19.00, 19.10, 19.20, 19.30, 19.40, 19.50, 19.60, 19.70, 19.80, 19.90, 20.00, 20.10, 20.20, 20.30, 20.40, 20.50, 20.60, 20.70, 20.80, 20.90, 21.00, 21.10, 21.20, 21.30, 21.40, 21.50, 21.60, 21.70, 21.80, 21.90, 22.00, 22.10, 22.20, 22.30, 22.40, 22.50, 22.60, 22.70, 22.80, 22.90, 23.00, 23.10, 23.20, 23.30, 23.40, 23.50, 23.60, 23.70, 23.80, 23.90, 24.00, 24.10, 24.20, 24.30, 24.40, 24.50, 24.60, 24.70, 24.80, 24.90, 25.00, 25.10, 25.20, 25.30, 25.40, 25.50, 25.60, 25.70, 25.80, 25.90, 26.00, 26.10, 26.20, 26.30, 26.40, 26.50, 26.60, 26.70, 26.80, 26.90, 27.00, 27.10, 27.20, 27.30, 27.40, 27.50, 27.60, 27.70, 27.80, 27.90, 28.00, 28.10, 28.20, 28.30, 28.40, 28.50, 28.60, 28.70, 28.80, 28.90, 29.00, 29.10, 29.20, 29.30, 29.40, 29.50, 29.60, 29.70, 29.80, 29.90, 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72.90, 73.00, 73.10, 73.20, 73.30, 73.40, 73.50, 73.60, 73.70, 73.80, 73.90, 74.00, 74.10, 74.20, 74.30, 74.40, 74.50, 74.60, 74.70, 74.80, 74.90, 75.00, 75.10, 75.20, 75.30, 75.40, 75.50, 75.60, 75.70, 75.80, 75.90, 76.00, 76.10, 76.20, 76.30, 76.40, 76.50, 76.60, 76.70, 76.80, 76.90, 77.00, 77.10, 77.20, 77.30, 77.40, 77.50, 77.60, 77.70, 77.80, 77.90, 78.00, 78.10, 78.20, 78.30, 78.40, 78.50, 78.60, 78.70, 78.80, 78.90, 79.00, 79.10, 79.20, 79.30, 79.40, 79.50, 79.60, 79.70, 79.80, 79.90, 80.00, 80.10, 80.20, 80.30, 80.40, 80.50, 80.60, 80.70, 80.80, 80.90, 81.00, 81.10, 81.20, 81.30, 81.40, 81.50, 81.60, 81.70, 81.80, 81.90, 82.00, 82.10, 82.20, 82.30, 82.40, 82.50, 82.60, 82.70, 82.80, 82.90, 83.00, 83.10, 83.20, 83.30, 83.40, 83.50, 83.60, 83.70, 83.80, 83.90, 84.00, 84.10, 84.20, 84.30, 84.40, 84.50, 84.60, 84.70, 84.80, 84.90, 85.00, 85.10, 85.20, 85.30, 85.40, 85.50, 85.60, 85.70, 85.80, 85.90, 86.00, 86.10, 86.20, 86.30, 86.40, 86.50, 86.60, 86.70, 86.80, 86.90, 87.00, 87.10, 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